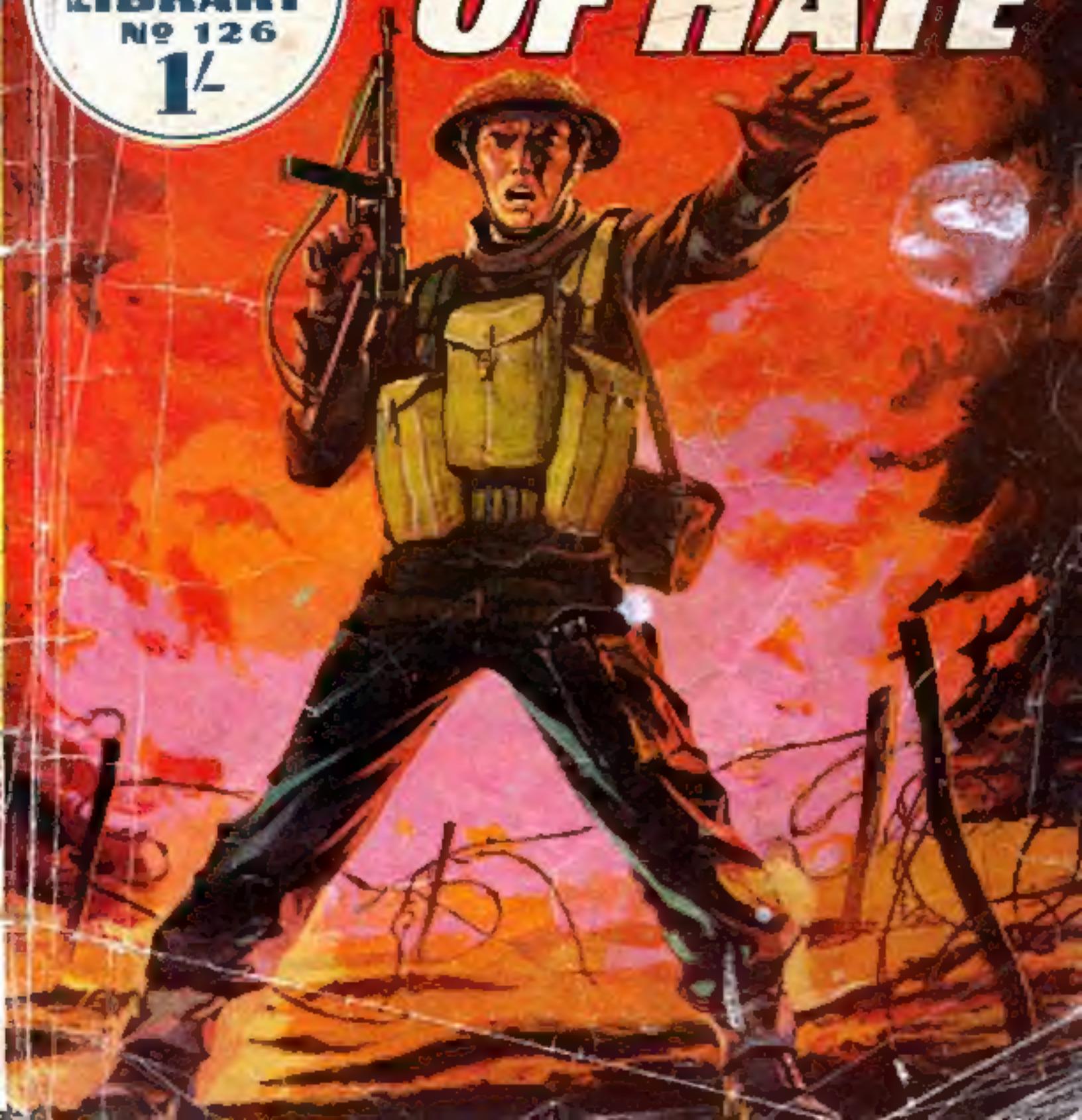


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# THE FIRES OF HATE



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# *The FIRES* of HATE



WHEN THEY FLUNG THE ALLIES OUT OF NORWAY IN 1940, THE NAZI INVADING HORDE GRABBED A STRATEGIC THOUSAND-MILE COASTLINE. IT WAS A COASTLINE THAT WAS VERY CLOSE TO THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIED ARCTIC CONVOYS BOUND FOR BELEAGUERED RUSSIA. NORWEGIAN-BASED GERMAN BOMBERS HAMMERED THE CONVOYS MERCILESSLY.

# Chapter 1. The HOME-COMING

THE VITAL SUPPLY LINE TO RUSSIA WAS imperilled and commando units were sent to Norway to strengthen local resistance groups in their unequal fight. One such battle-hardened unit, led by Major Allen, crossed the cold grey waters of the North Sea from a base in the Shetland Islands.



A BITTER NORTH-EASTER LASHED THE BRIDGE OF THE LEADING MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT, GIVING THE MAJOR A CHILL FORETASTE OF ARCTIC WEATHER AWAITING HIS UNIT.



## The Fires Of Hate

ONE OF THOSE COMMANDOS WAS GOING HOME. SERGEANT LIEF LARSON, RUGGED VETERAN OF THE DIEPPE RAID, HAD SPENT THREE LONG YEARS OF VIOLENT ACTION SINCE HE HAD FLED THE NAZI YOKE AT HARVIK.



WHAT'S IT  
FEEL LIKE TO BE  
GOING HOME, SARGE?  
NO ANSWER WAS THE  
STERN REPLY! COR,  
YOU'RE THE STRONG  
SILENT TYPE AND NO  
MISTAKE. MIGHT AS  
WELL TALK TO  
MYSELF!

THE BLOOD OF NORSE RAIDERS COURSED THROUGH LARSON'S VEINS, BUT HIS THOUGHTS WERE OF A TIME LESS DISTANT. WHEN HE DID SPEAK, HIS WORDS WERE BITTER . . .



IT WAS MY  
HOME ONCE, CORPORAL  
DODD, UNTIL THE NAZI  
MURDERERS CAME. I HAD A  
YOUNGER BROTHER THEN  
. . . NILS WAS HIS NAME . . .  
THEY SHOT HIM LIKE  
A DOG!

# The Fires Of Hate

CORPORAL DODD HAD FOUGHT ALONGSIDE LARSON ON A SCORE OF COMMANDO RAIDS... AND NEVER BEFORE HAD THE TACITURN NORWEGIAN ALLOWED HIS SELF-IMPOSED MASK TO SLIP.

THERE'S ONE PARTICULAR NAZI I HAVE IN MIND... IF I SHOULD MEET HIM AGAIN...

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE NOSEY... HOW WAS I TO KNOW? BUT YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO HIT BACK AT THE NAZIS NOW!



A BRIGHT DAWN SUN WAS RISING BEHIND THE SNOW-CAPPED CRAGS OF NORWAY AS FOUR HURRICANES ROARED IN TO THEIR RENDEZVOUS...

OUR AIR COVER'S ON TIME. THAT'S HELVEFIORD AHEAD, HELL'S FIORD, YOU WOULD CALL IT.

HELL'S FIORD IS IT? LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT RIGHTLY NAMED... FOR US!



# The Fires Of Hate

9

HELVEFIORD LAY WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. THE SUDDEN VIOLENCE OF THE COMMANDO RAID SO FAR NORTH TOOK THE GERMAN GARRISON COMPLETELY UNAWARES . . .



THE COMMANDOS STORMED ASHORE WITH SERGEANT LARSON WELL TO THE FORE. THEIR AUTOMATIC FIRE RAKED THE JETTY BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT SLOW TO HIT BACK FROM CONCRETE STRONGPOINTS.



## The Fires Of Hate

SEVERAL COMMANDOS HAD ALREADY BEEN CUT DOWN BY THE CONCEALED MACHINE-GUN AS LARSON HURLED HIMSELF ACROSS THE BULLET-SWEPT JETTY.

GIVE ME  
COVERING  
FIRE...



THE GERMAN GUNNER FAILED TO RANGE SWIFTLY OR ACCURATELY ENOUGH ON THE WEAVING NORWEGIAN. HIS GRENADE SHOT THROUGH THE FIRING SLIT OF THE PILL-BOX . . . AND, SECONDS LATER, A MUFFLED EXPLOSION SILENCED THE GERMAN GUN.

GOOD WORK,  
SERGEANT!



## The Fires Of Hate

THE GERMANS IN THE PORT AREA HAD RALLIED QUICKLY. WITH NAKED BAYONETS, THEY COUNTER-ATTACKED IN AN EFFORT TO DRIVE THE SMALL COMMANDO FORCE BACK INTO THE SEA. THAT WAS THE MOMENT FOR NORWEGIAN PARTISANS TO STRIKE AT THE ENEMY REAR...



TRAPPED BETWEEN CONVERGING FORCES, THE GERMANS RAPIDLY LOST ALL ENTHUSIASM FOR FIGHTING. RIFLES CLATTERED ON THE JETTY AND THE AIR FILLED WITH CRIES OF SURRENDER. SLOWLY, THE NOISE OF BATTLE DIED AWAY.



8 The Fires Of Hate

THE JETTY SECURED, ALLEN HAD URGENT BUSINESS WITH THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE LEADER, THOUGH THE RAMROD MAJOR HELD NO HIGH OPINION OF GUERRILLAS. HIS PREJUDICE PUT A SHARP EDGE TO HIS TONGUE . . .

OLAV JORGENS AT YOUR SERVICE, MAJOR. IT'S GOOD TO SEE JERRY RUN!

WE'RE PULLING OUT FAST, JORGENS! STRIKE AND VANISH . . . THAT'S THE COMMANDO METHOD . . .



WHILE COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS TRANSFERRED THE M.T.B'S VITAL CARGO OF AMMUNITION, PETROL, AND FOOD TO THE LORRY, MAJOR ALLEN SPOKE HIS MIND.

THERE'S ONE THING I WON'T STAND FOR, JORGENS . . . PRIVATE VENDETTAS! THIS IS WAR AND I'LL SACRIFICE ANY MAN WHO RISKS MY MISSION FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL REVENGE!

VERY WELL, MAJOR . . . IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY.



AS THE TWO M.T.B'S, LOADED DOWN WITH GERMAN PRISONERS, TURNED BACK ACROSS THE GREY ATLANTIC, MAJOR ALLEN'S COMMANDOS TRAVELED A LONG WINDING ROAD INTO SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS.



# The Fires Of Hate

EN ROUTE FOR THE RESISTANCE HIDEAWAY, SERGEANT LIEF LARSON FOUNDED HIMSELF UNDER CRITICAL SCRUTINY BY THE PARTISAN LEADER.



HORSEMAN, AREN'T YOU?  
WELL, YOU WON'T ENJOY THE  
FIGHTING HERE! FOR EVERY GERMAN WE  
KILL, EVERY TRUCK WE SABOTAGE . . .  
THE NAZIS TAKE REPRISALS . . . IN THE  
LIVES OF OUR PEOPLE IT'S A TOUGH THING  
TO LIVE WITH, KNOWING ONE IS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE DEATHS OF THE INNOCENT!

AS LARSON LISTENED DRY-MOUTHED TO THE HARD WORDS OF OLAV JORGENS, HE HEARD A NAME THAT COMPLETELY SHATTERED HIS COMPOSURE AND FLUNG HIS THOUGHTS INTO TURMOIL.

YOUR BRITISH MAJOR IS A  
COLD ONE. NO VENDETTAS!  
HE HASN'T SEEN THE BEASTS  
AT WORK IN HIS OWN HOME.  
THERE IS ONE NAZI ABOVE  
ALL OTHERS ANSWERABLE  
FOR ALL THE PURGES IN  
NORWAY . . . A MAN  
CALLED STAHL!

STAHL!  
IS IT  
POSSIBLE?

Chapter 2. **SNIPER TARGET**

IN A REMOTE MOUNTAIN CAVE, THE WEARY COMMANDOS RESTED FOR A WHILE. BUT LARSON COULD NOT RELAX NOW THAT HE WAS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. . . . IT HELD ONLY BITTER MEMORIES FOR HIM.

THIS IS MY LAND. . . .  
AND I MUST SNEAK INTO IT  
AS IF I WERE A THIEF. THE  
FILTHY NAZIS SHALL  
PAY. . . .

ALL RIGHT,  
COME AND GET IT!  
THIS AIN'T THE SAVOY,  
BUT THE GRUB IS  
BETTER!



LATER, MAJOR ALLEN BRIEFED HIS MEN ON THE PURPOSE OF THEIR MISSION. LARSON FORCED HIMSELF TO CONCENTRATE. HE WAS A SERGEANT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS, WITH A JOB TO DO.



IN FOUR DAYS'  
TIME THE LARGEST  
CONVOY EVER TO SAIL FOR  
RUSSIA WILL PASS BETWEEN  
THE NORTHERN TIP OF NORWAY  
AND THE ARCTIC ICE BOUND  
FOR MURMANSK AND ARKANGEL.  
JERRY PLANES WILL GIVE  
THESE SHIPS HELL . . .  
UNLESS WE STOP THEM!

JUNKERS EIGHTY-EIGHTS ARE BASED ON THE MILITARY AIRFIELD AT BARDUFOSS. . . . AND THAT IS OUR OBJECTIVE! WE'RE GOING TO STRIKE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN ADVANCE OF THE CONVOY, REDUCING THE RUNWAYS TO RUBBLE! NO GERMAN BOMBER MUST TAKE OFF FROM BARDUFOSS!



# The Fires Of Hate

11

OLAV JØRGENS LISTENED AND FELT HIS HEART GROW COLD. HE KNEW BARDUFOSS, KNEW ITS DEFENCES INTIMATELY...

BARDUFOSS! MAJOR... THAT PLACE IS THICK WITH GERMANS. WE ARE OUTNUMBERED MANY TIMES. YOU ARE ASKING US TO THROW AWAY OUR LIVES!

SURPRISE IS OUR MAIN WEAPON, JØRGENS! WITH SURPRISE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE! OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT THAT CONVOY GOES THROUGH.



AS JØRGENS PROTESTED AGAIN, THE MAJOR POURED SCORN ON THE PARTisan LEADER. HIS ICY WORDS LASHED LIKE A WHIP.

I DO NOT LIKE THIS PLAN, MAJOR. IT SMELLS OF DEATH!

COLD FEET, JØRGENS? WELL, YOU NEED ONLY SUPPLY A GUIDE... MY COMMANDOS WILL DO THE FIGHTING!



## The Fires Of Hate

THE NORWEGIAN'S BEARDED FACE FLUSHED. HIS EYES SPARKED AND HIS VOICE WAS BARELY UNDER CONTROL

WE WILL FIGHT WITH THE BRITISH, MAJOR, HAVE NO DOUBT ON THAT SCORE! WE SHALL FIGHT . . . AS WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING EVER SINCE THE GERMANS CAME TO OUR LAND.

AS MAJOR ALLEN SWUNG ON HIS HEEL AND STALKED OFF, LARSEN GRABBED JORGENS' ARM. THE SERGEANT HAD A QUESTION HE WANTED ANSWERED.

THAT IS THE SWINE! YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, EH, SERGEANT?

STAHL! IS THAT THE SAME S.S. MAN WHO PURGED TRONDHEM IN NINETEEN-FORTY?

# The Fires Of Hate

BUT THE MAJOR'S EARS WERE KEEN AND HE DID NOT LIKE WHAT HE HEARD. HE TURNED BACK, SAVAGELY DETERMINED TO STAMP OUT ANY PRIVATE REVENGE PARTY BEFORE IT STARTED.

HEARD OF HIM?  
I KNOW WHAT  
HE . . .

SERGEANT!  
EXACTLY WHAT IS  
THIS MAN STAHL  
TO YOU?



SERGEANT LARSON SPUN ROUND, TAWNY  
FLECKS OF LIGHT FLICKERING IN HIS EYES...

I CAN  
FIND STAHL  
FOR YOU...

YOU REALLY WANT TO  
KNOW, MAJOR? I'LL TELL  
YOU... HAUPTMANN STAHL  
MURDERED MY YOUNG  
BROTHER, NILS, AND IF I  
GET A CHANCE AT  
HIM I'LL TAKE IT!

MAJOR ALLEN'S HAND DROPPED TO THE  
HOLSTER OF HIS PISTOL . . .

KEEP OUT OF THIS, JORGENSEN!  
SERGEANT LARSON, I'M GIVING YOU  
A DIRECT ORDER . . . FORGET  
STAHL! THE JOB WE'VE BEEN  
SENT HERE TO DO IS MORE  
IMPORTANT . . . MUCH  
MORE IMPORTANT!



# The Fires Of Hate

WE'RE AT WAR TO FIGHT NAZIS,  
MAJOR. HAUPTMANN STAHL  
REPRESENTS THE BESTIALITY  
WE'RE TRYING TO STAMP OUT.  
KILL ALL THE STAHL'S OF THIS  
WORLD AND WE'VE WON!

NO, YOU'RE WRONG, SERGEANT. TERRIBLY  
PROUDST OF MEN LIKE YOU WASTE THEIR  
TIME KILLING INDIVIDUAL GERMANS OUT OF  
REVENGE, THEN THE GERMAN WAR  
MACHINE WILL GO OVER US LIKE A  
STEAM-ROLLER. THIS IS TOTAL WAR...  
NOT A FAMILY VENDETTA! YOUR  
WAY, WE'D LOSE FOR SURE!



OUT IN THE TRENCHES, JORGENSEN WAS CONVINCED.  
WHEN THE MAJOR LEFT THEM, THE RUMOURED VOICES DROPPED  
TO THE WHISPER OF CONSPIRATORS.

YOUR MAJOR HAS DONE  
ALL HIS FIGHTING AWAY  
FROM HOME OR HE  
WOULDN'T TALK  
LIKE THAT!

AS I SAID, I'LL  
TAKE MY CHANCE  
WHEN IT  
COMES...



CONTINUED: DOOD STOOD UNASHAMEDLY BY THE SIDE OF THE TOUGH NORWEGIAN SERGEANT THIS WAS DANGEROUS TALK

I'LL HELP WHEN THE TIME COMES

TAKE IT EASY, SAWIE. LUCKY THE MARKS RIGHT FOR YOU KNOW?



THAT MUST SEE IF YOU WANT COME EASILY TO SERGEANT LARSEN WHEN IT CAME TO HIM. HE WAS SWATHED IN A HEAVY SWEAT SHIRT, WHICH HE WORE

TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE HEAT OF THE FIRE. HE WAS SITTING ON THE GROUND, WITH HIS ARMS RESTING ON HIS KNEES, AND HIS HEAD SUNK DOWN INTO HIS SHOULDERS.

THAT'S THE MARK OF SWEAT SHIRT CAN A MAN STOP HIS HEART TO GET STUCK IF HE EVER GET HIMSELF OUT OF THAT?



## 16 The Fires Of Hate

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS, OUTLINED AGAINST A BRIGHT SUN  
WERE OBSCURED BY FALLING SNOW AS THE MAJOR GAVE  
HIS MEN THEIR MARCHING INSTRUCTIONS.

SHORT PAUSE  
WE'RE MARCHING ON THIS  
LIGHT SNOW. IT'S A  
GOOD SIGN. IT'll COVER  
OUR TRACKS WITHOUT  
HOLDING US UP.



WITH JOHNSON'S PATHFINDING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS  
AT THE REAR, MAJOR ALVIN S. MURDO'S PARTY OF  
COMMANDOS AND PARTISANS BEGAN THEIR ARDUOUS  
TREK TO BARDUFOSS AIRFIELD.



FOR COMMERCIAL BLOOD, MORE USED TO THE HEAT OF COMBAT,  
THE BITTER COLD OF THE NORTH WAS A SOOT TRIAL.

THIS AIN'T MY IDEA  
OF A LIVING SAD E.  
WHAT AN ICE FRO OF  
A PLACE... AND YOU  
CALL IT HOME!

YOU'LL GET  
USED TO IT...  
YOU MIGHT EVEN  
GET TO LIKE IT!



SUDDENLY, THE BLS STANCE LEADER RAISED  
IT'S ARMS AND THE COMMANDER STOPPED,  
TENSED FOR ACTION. THENCE UP THE SWEEP TO  
SIGHT THE MAJOR GRUMPSLU THE SKHA AND  
ANGULAR OUTLINE OF A GERMAN ARMoured  
CAR.

RANG IT? THIS  
COULD BE DISASTROUS  
... I WANTED TO  
AVOID AN ACTION...

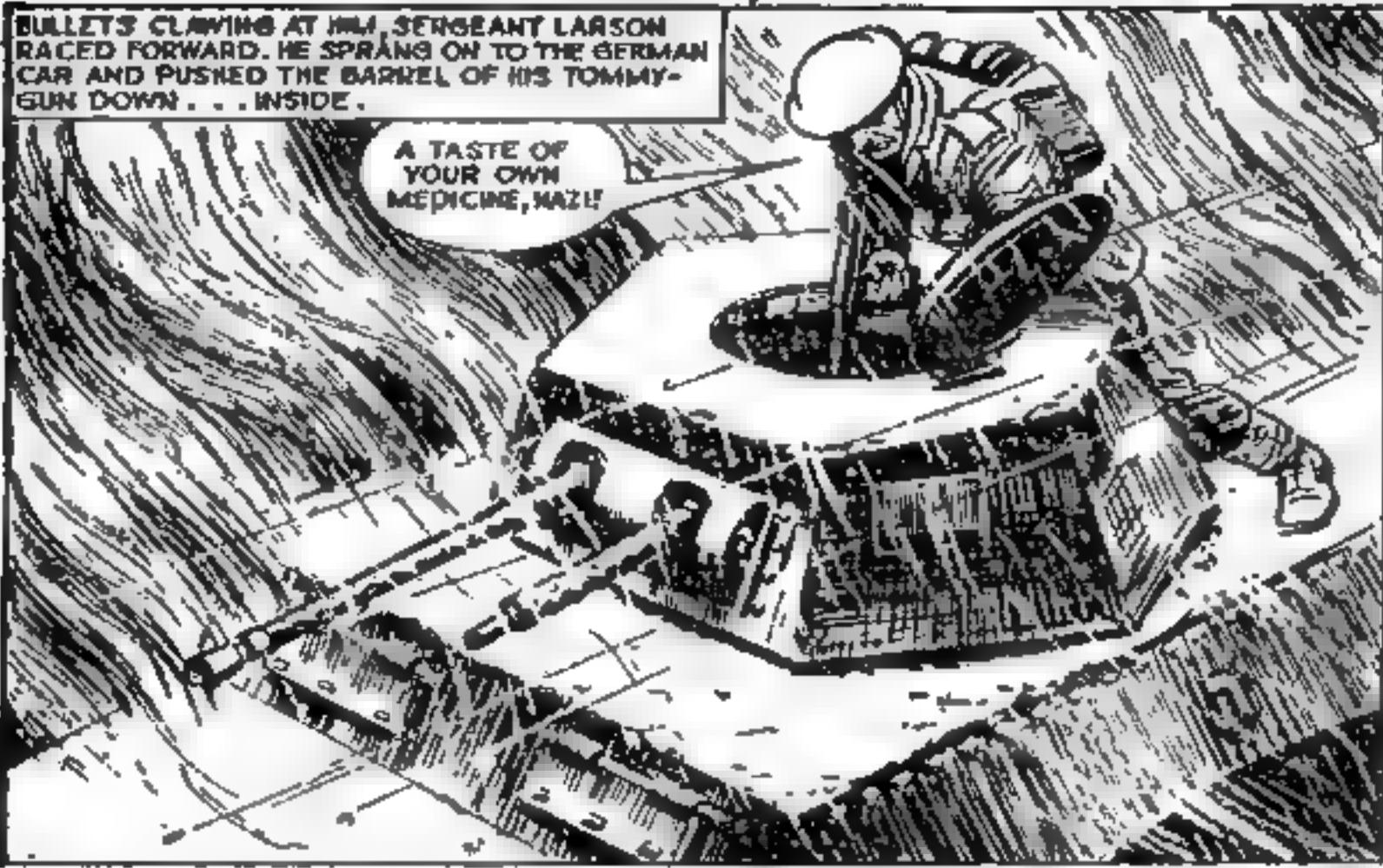


# The Fires Of Hate



BULLETS CLAWING AT HIM, SERGEANT LARSON RACED FORWARD. HE SPRANG ON TO THE GERMAN CAR AND PUSHED THE BARREL OF HIS TOMMY-GUN DOWN . . . INSIDE.

A TASTE OF  
YOUR OWN  
MEDICINE, MAZ!



HOT BLOOD POUNDING IN HIS HEAD,  
REVENGE GNAWING AT HIS HEART,  
LARSON NEVER HEARD THE GERMAN  
SCREAM FOR MERCY.

NEIN,  
NEIN!  
HAVE MERCY...

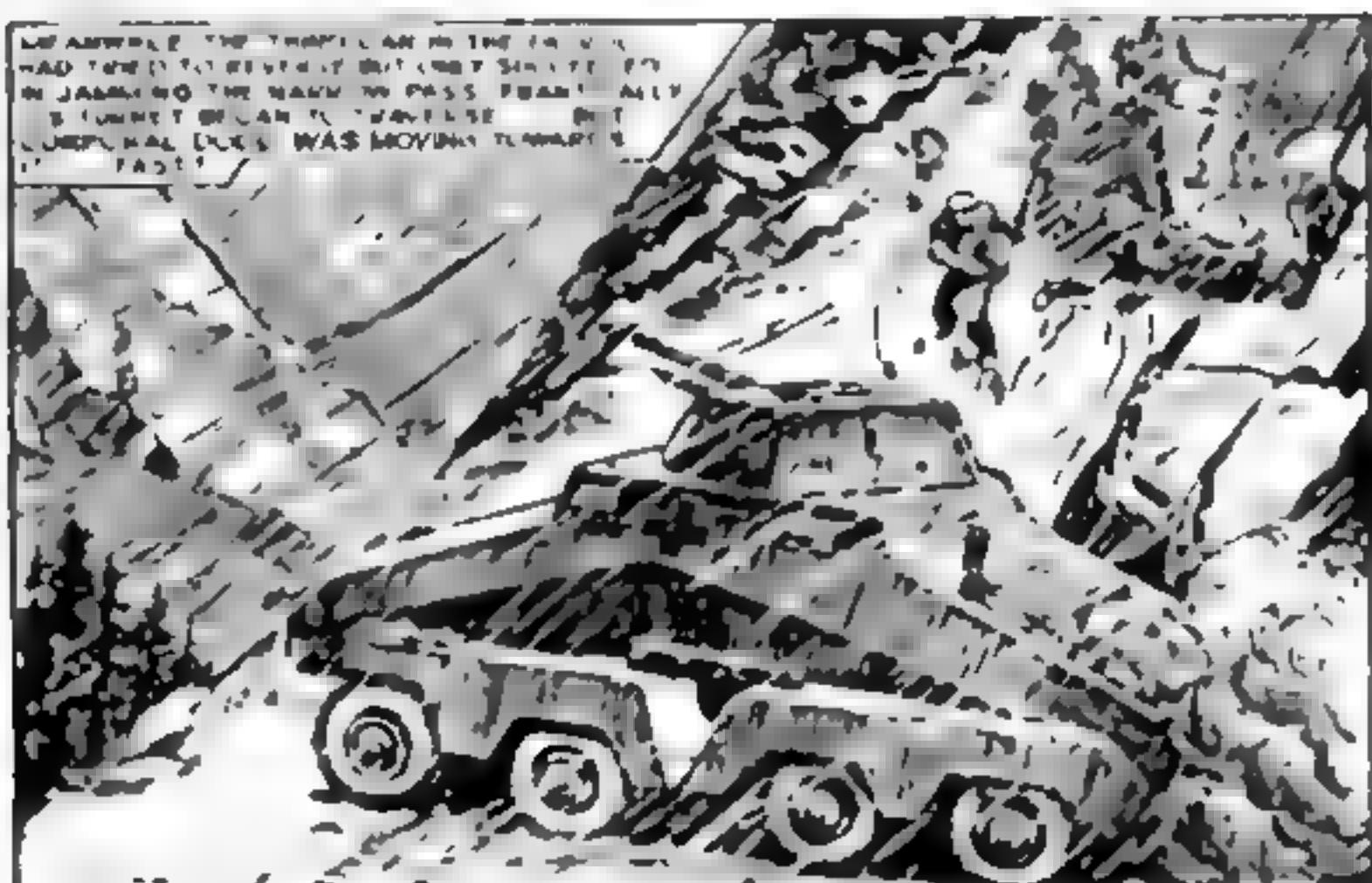


20 The Fires Of Hate

1000 POUNDS TIGHTENED ON THE TOWERS  
AND A STREAM OF LEAD SHOULED  
THE INTRUDERS OF THE CAR



MEANWHILE THE TRUCK CAR IN THE PARK  
HAD TIME TO REVERSE BUT COLD SHOT IT  
IN JAPAN SO THE NAME IN PASS FROM ALL  
SUFFICIENT TO CAN IT TRAVEL. BUT  
LUDWIG HAD LUCK WAS MOVING TOWARDS  
IT FAST



THE CORPORAL'S MILLS GRENADE THREW  
BRAVELY THROUGH AND A SHEET OF  
FLAME ERUPTED UPWARDS CLOSE  
BY SIDE THE WHEELS. THE GERMAN  
CAR ROCKED IN THE BLAST



HERE MOMENT, THE COMMANDOS CLOSED ON THE VEHICLE. MUSCLES STRAINED . . . AND  
THE THIRD AND LAST CAR OF THAT ILL-FATED GERMAN PATROL WAS MAN-HANDED OVER  
THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE . . .

WITH SHE GAVE SO MUCH FOR  
JERRY'S PANZER CORPS. JUST  
THAT METAL ONCE WE GET AT  
THEM!



## The Fires Of Hate

THE PASS WAS NOW CLEAR FOR MAJOR ALLEN TO PROCEED TOWARDS BARDUFOSS. BUT, FIRST HE HAD AN UGLY DUTY TO PERFORM.

LEAVE YOUR DEAD WHERE THEY ARE. JORGENS' ONLY THE BRITISH MAY BE BURIED. IT IS ESSENTIAL THE ENEMY BELIEVE THIS WAS STRICTLY A PARTISAN AMBUSH.

MY MEN WON'T LIKE THAT, MAJOR!



THE HARDHEADED MAJOR WOULD MAKE NO CONCESSION . . .

I DON'T LIKE IT, EITHER! BUT IF JERRY GETS THE IDEA BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE ANYWHERE NEAR BARDUFOSS, THEIR DEFENCES WILL BE ALERTED. OUR ONLY REAL CHANCE OF SUCCESS LIES IN SURPRISE. LOSE THAT ADVANTAGE AND WE FAIL TO PROTECT THE CONVOY!



THE COMMANDOS CARRIED AWAY THEIR DEAD AND BURIED THEM IN A DEEP SNOW-DRIFT SO THAT ALL SIGNS OF THE BRITISH PART IN THE RAID WERE DESTROYED.

IT IS NOT RIGHT TO LEAVE OUR DEAD FOR THE NAZI VULTURES

NO, IT IS NOT RIGHT, BUT IT IS NECESSARY.



BUT THE PARTISANS MUTTERED ANGRILY AMONGST THEMSELVES AND ONE PUSHED BOLDLY FORWARD AS SPOKESMAN . . .

NEVER BEFORE HAVE OUR DEAD COMRADES BEEN LEFT UNBURIED. MUST WE ALWAYS ASK PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING? ARE WE NOT FIGHTING THE NAZI INVADER, TOO? IS THIS NOT OUR HOMELAND?



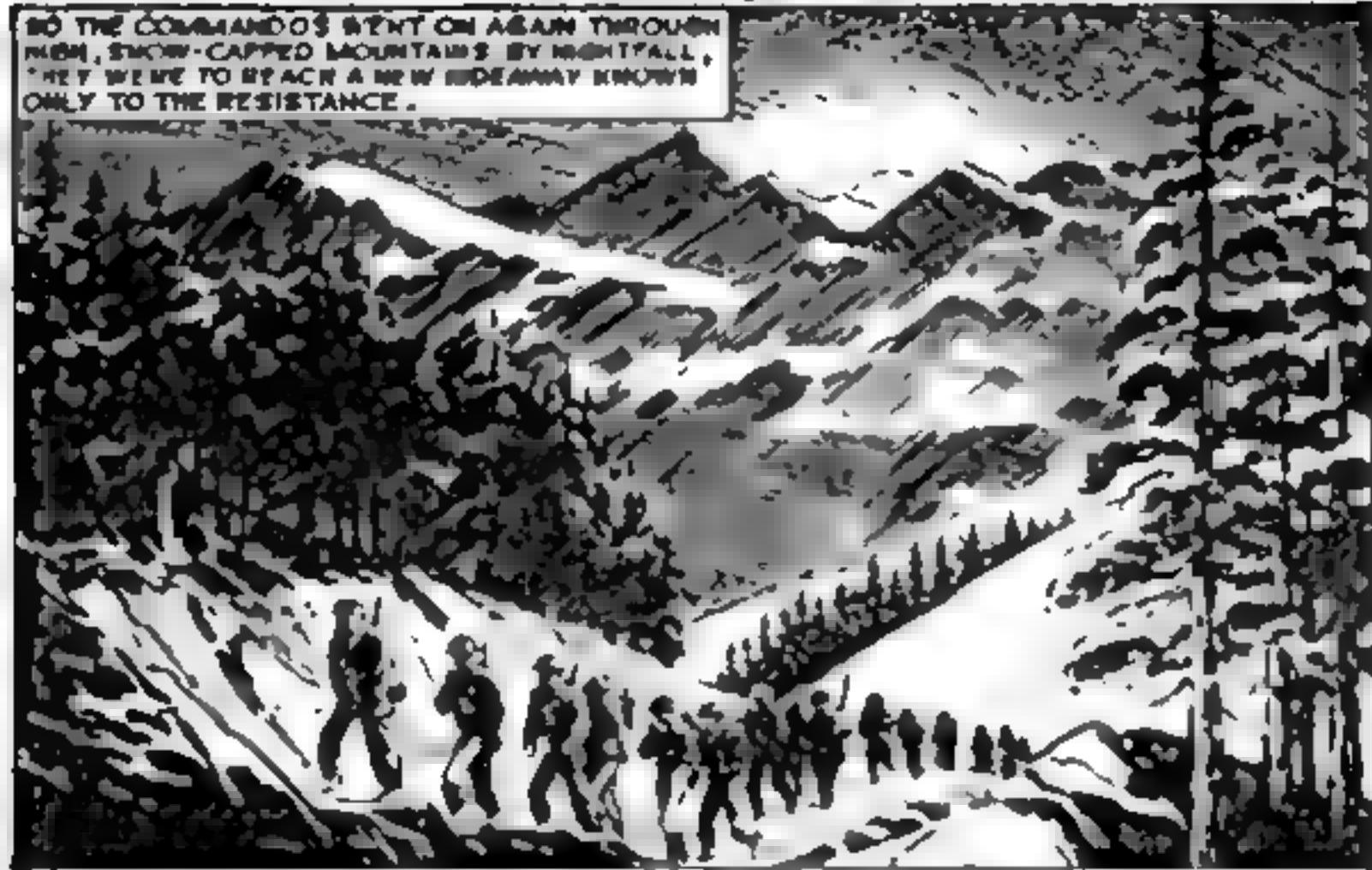
OLAV JORGENSEN, TOO, HAD THE RARE GIFT OF LEADERSHIP. HE SMILED GENTLY AND TOOK THE PARTISAN ASIDE . . .

SOFTLY, SVEN! THE BRITISH ARE OUR ALLIES AGAINST THE NAZIS. THEY HAVE CROSSED THE SEA TO HELP US. WE MUST FALL IN WITH THE MAJOR'S WISHES . . . FOR THE MOMENT!



24 The Fires Of Hate

SO THE COMMANDOS WENT ON AGAIN THROUGH HIGH, SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS BY NIGHTFALL. THEY WERE TO REACH A NEW ROADWAY KNOWN ONLY TO THE RESISTANCE.



THERE IN A DARK STORM BULLY SCREENED BY TALL FIR TREES, THEY BIVOUACED. SERGEANT LARSON ON A HURRY TOOK UP INSPECTION, ARRIVED AT THE LOWER END OF THE BULLY WHEN A FOG BE APPARENTED OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

JORDAN'S  
... OR AM  
JORDAN'S?

KEEP HIM  
COVERED!



CARSON MOVED AS SILENTLY AS A PHANTOM THROUGH THE SHADOWS UNTIL HE CAME UP BEHIND THE LONE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN PATH. HE JABBED THE AUTOMATIC INTO THE SMALL OF THE NEWCOMER'S BACK.

ALL RIGHT, FRIEND, JUST KEEP GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD AND YOU'LL FIND JORGENS. FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE HE'LL KNOW YOU!

I'M NO QUISLING!



THE SERGEANT MARCHED HIS PRISONER ALONG THE GULLY AND INTO THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF A CAMP FIRE.

YOU HAVE A VISITOR JORGENS!

OLAV, TELL THIS SOLDIER TO TAKE HIS GUN AWAY, PLEASE

KRISTIAN!  
THE NEWS MUST BE BAD TO BRING YOU HERE... ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, I KNOW THIS MAN!



## The Fires Of Hate

CHRISTIAN BURGESS WAS THE CHIEF CRAFTSMAN IN THE DILapidated VILLAGE OF HULGOM. THE GRIMLY MAN'S FACE WAS LINED WITH DISTRESS.



THE NEWS IS BAD,  
OLAY. TERROR HAS  
COME TO OUR VILLAGE.  
THE RAUPTMANN STAHL  
AND HIS S.S. GANG OF  
VULTURES HAVE DESCENDED  
... TOMORROW THE  
PURGE COMMENCES!

LARSON STOPPED DEAD IN HIS  
TRACKS AS THAT HATED NAME  
RANG AGAIN IN HIS EARS.

IT SEEMS THAT YOU AMBUSHED SOME  
GERMANS. THERE ARE TO BE REPRISALS...  
EVEN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE NOT  
SAFE. YOU MUST HELP, OLAY. I IMPLORE  
YOU TO STOP WHAT THREATENS  
TO BE A MASSACRE!



RAUPTMANN  
STAHL

THE GRIM TALE OF KRISTIAN ALMUNOSEN BROUGHT AN ANGRY MUTTER OF ANXIETY FROM THOSE WHO HEARD IT BUT ONE MAN . . . MAJOR ALLEN . . . REMAINED TOTALLY UNMOVED.

OF COURSE WE'LL STOP IT, KRISTIAN! WE'LL ATTACK AT DAWN, EH, MAJOR? THIS IS A FINE CHANCE TO CUT DOWN THOSE NAZI RATS.



LARSEN'S EYES BLAZED AT THE MAJOR'S WORDS HE TOOK A STEP FORWARD, THE BLOOD SINGING IN HIS HEAD

YOU DON'T REALISE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MAJOR! YOU ARE CONDEMNING A WHOLE VILLAGE TO DEATH. THESE PEOPLE ARE OUR FRIENDS . . . THEY DIE BECAUSE OF US! THEIR DEATHS WILL REST UPON OUR HEADS!



## The Fires Of Hate



MAJOR ALLEN TURNED TO THE SCHOOLMASTER OF HALSBERG. HIS VOICE WAS WITHOUT EMOTION...

I UNDERSTAND, MAJOR. IT IS WAR . . . AND SACRIFICES MUST BE MADE!



# The First Of Host

LONG AFTERNOON'S STUPID LARSON LAY  
SLEEPLESS UNDER THE STARS WHILE JOURNEYING  
WINDY DRY IN HIS CAR FURIE INSTEAD  
TO VENGEANCE.

ONE DETERMINED MAN  
WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE  
AND TELESCOPIC SIGHT COULD  
GET STAN... WITHOUT HIM THE  
NAZI RABBLE WILL PANIC.



JUST BEFORE DAYBREAK, LIEF LARSON  
SHIPPED OUT OF THE GULF ON HIS JOURNEY  
ACROSS THE FROZEN WASTES TOWARDS  
HALSBERG.

YOU CAN RELY ON THIS MAUSER  
IT IS A FINE WEAPON WHILE  
SEE THE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY  
BEHIND THE HILLS IN THE WEST  
GOOD HUNTING, FRIEND  
MAY YOUR AIM BE TRUE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OLAF!  
THIS IS MY COUNTRY AND  
MEAN IN BLOOD HAVE  
ENOUGH CAUSE TO SEE  
THE SWINE DEAD. I  
SHALL LEAVE BEFORE  
DAWN.



30 The Fires Of Hell

BUT HE DID NOT GO UNDETERRED. CORPORAL DOOD, BOVETED BY THE BITTER COLD THAT  
LATE INTO THE NIGHT, SAW HIS SERGEANT  
KNOCK AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS. HE HAD  
NO DOUBT WHAT WAS IN LANSURF'S MIND.

THE STUNO CLOTH  
I MUST BURN THE  
MAJOR... WHAT  
ELSE CAN I DO?



MAJOR ALLEN LISTENED IN A FURY  
TO THE CORPORAL'S NEWS.

SIR! THE JETT GREEN SERGEANT LANSURF  
GO DOWN THE TRAIL... BICKON HE'S  
PUTTING TO LAY FOR STALE? JORGENSEN  
GAVE HIM A GUN WITH TELESCOPIC  
SIGHTS...

JORGENSEN!  
I'LL... WHERE  
IS HE?



# The Fires Of Hate

21

THE MAJOR RAGED AT THE RESISTANCE LEADER BUT OLAV JORGENS GRINNED AND TREATED IT AS A HUGE JOKE

YOU... IMBECILE!  
I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER  
TRUST GUERRILLAS. I'VE  
A GOOD MIND TO...

IT'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT, MAJOR. YOUR  
SERGEANT WILL BE BACK  
AS SOON AS HE HAS  
ATTENDED TO HAUPTMANN  
STAHL. THEN WE CAN  
GO TO BARDUFOSS!  
WHY WORRY ABOUT IT?

YOU FOOL, JORGENS! YOU SEE  
NOTHING BUT THE TROUBLES IN  
YOUR OWN BACKYARD. THERE'S A  
CONVOY COMING THROUGH...  
SHIPS, SAILORS, VITAL MUNITIONS  
FOR THE EASTERN FRONT. IF  
LARSEN PUTS A FOOT WRONG,  
**THAT CONVOY  
IS DOOMED!**

THE MAJOR TURNED TO CORPORAL DODD . . .

COME WITH ME, CORPORAL. WE'VE GOT TO FIND LARSON AND BRING HIM BACK.

VERY GOOD, SIR!

YOU WILL BE TOO LATE, MAJOR!



OUTSIDE THE SHELTER OF THE GULLY, ICY WIND LASHED THE FACES OF THE TWO MEN. ALREADY, THAT WIND CARRIED THE FIRST FLAKES OF ANOTHER SNOWFALL.

I DON'T FANCY OUR CHANCES MUCH IF THIS SNOW KEEPS ON, SIR. LARSON'S NORWEGIAN . . . HE'S USED TO THIS WEATHER.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE THE JERRIES DO, CORPORAL. WE'VE GOT TO!



# The Fires Of Hate

33

LARSON HAD FORGOTTEN HE WAS A SERGEANT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS. THE SNIPER'S RIFLE LAY HEAVY IN HIS HANDS AND A BURNING DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE DROVE HIM RELENTLESSLY UNTIL HE CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS OBJECTIVE.

AT LAST, HIS, THE TIME OF RECKONING IS AT HAND... THE MURDERER STAHL IS ABOUT TO DIE!

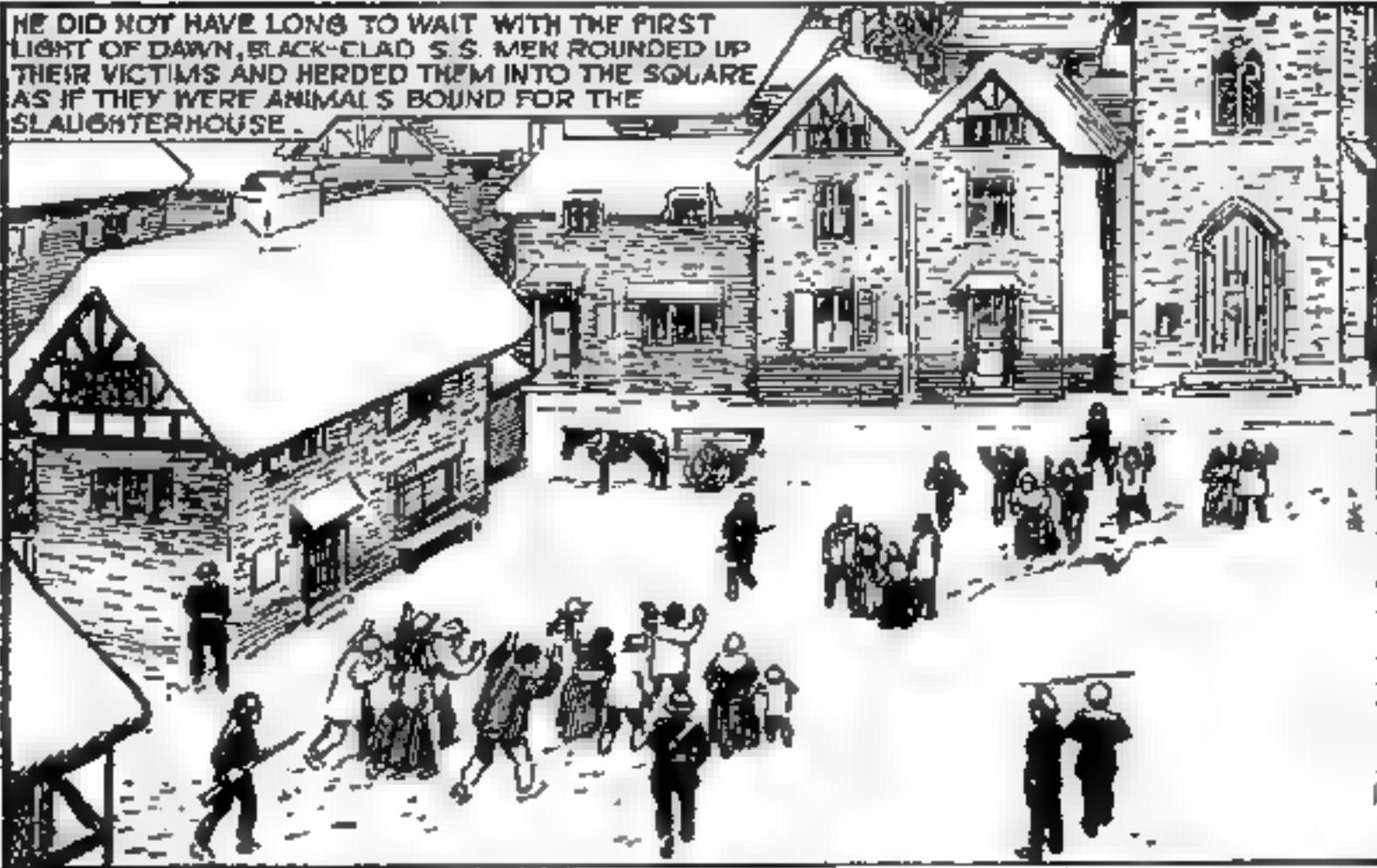


HE MOVED STEALTHILY DOWN THE HILLSIDE, USING EVERY SCRAP OF COVER, UNTIL HE REACHED A POSITION THAT COMMANDED THE MAIN SQUARE OF THE VILLAGE.



## The Fires Of Hate

HE DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, BLACK-CLAD S.S. MEN ROUNDED UP THEIR VICTIMS AND HERDED THEM INTO THE SQUARE AS IF THEY WERE ANIMALS BOUND FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.



THEN HAUPTMANN STAHL STEPPED FROM A CAR THAT PULLED INTO THE SQUARE. EVEN AT THAT DISTANCE, LARSON RECOGNISED THE SCRAPPY VULTURE OF A MAN AND TREMBLED WITH THE HATRED THAT WAS WITHIN HIM.



WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT OF WILL, HE TOOK CONTROL OF HIMSELF, SLOWLY LIFTING THE RIFLE UNTIL THE CROSS-SIGHT WAS CENTRED ON HIS BROTHER'S KILLER. HE TOOK FIRST PRESSURE . . .

NILS . . .  
THE MOMENT HAS COME!



HAUPTMANN STEAK TURNED TO STARE UP THE HILL, ALMOST AS IF HE COULD SEE THE HIDDEN SNIPER FAR ABOVE. LARSON LINGERED A MOMENT, SAVOURING HIS VENGEANCE . . .

BUT HE LINGERED TOO LONG. HAUPTMANN STEAK KNEW WELL THE DANGER FROM A LURKING SNIPER AND NEVER VENTURED INTO THE OPEN WITHOUT FIRST DISPATCHING PATROLS TO SEARCH THE COUNTRYSIDE. ONE SUCH PATROL WAS BEHIND LARSON AT THAT MOMENT.



38 The Fires Of Hate

LARSON'S CONCENTRATION WAS SHATTERED BY THAT STACCATO COMMAND BEHIND HIM. HIS HAND WAVERED A FRACTION OF AN INCH . . . AND HIS BULLET PLOUGHED INTO THE SHOE AT STAHL'S JACKBOOTTED FEET.



THE COMMANDO DID NOT GET A SECOND SHOT AT HIS ENEMY, AS STAHL SCUTTLED FOR COVER, G [REDACTED] ABOUT LARSON'S HEAD. HE FLUNG HIMSELF SIDEWAYS AND BLASTED A SHOT INTO THE GERMAN PATROL.

KEEP LOW  
... THE CUR  
CAN SHOOT!



AT THAT MOMENT, MAJOR ALLEN AND CORPORAL DODD CAME OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL. THE POSITION COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE. LARSON WAS TRAPPED... AND THE ENEMY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO IDENTIFY HIS UNIFORM.

NOT ONE OF THEM  
MUST ESCAPE, CORPORAL.  
THAT PATROL MUST BE  
WIPE OUT TO A MAN!



CORPORAL DODD'S TOMMY-GUN JUDDERED AS IT SENT A HAIL OF BULLETS LASHING INTO THE GERMAN RANKS.

WE'VE GOT THEM...  
IF LARSON COVERS  
THEIR LINE OF  
RETREAT!



## The Fires Of Hate

FOR A MOMENT, RIDEED, IT LOOKED AS IF THEY MIGHT SUCCEED. THEN THE MAJOR GLIMPSED ONE OF THE GERMANS WORKING HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

LARSON! DROP THAT MAN!



LARSON RAISED HIS RIFLE, SIGHTED FOR THE KILL . . . JUST AS A SECOND ENEMY PATROL CAME UP ON HIS FLANIE . . .

ENGLANDERS! FRANZ, BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND MARCH HERR HAUPTMANN AT ONCE. THE AIRFIELD AT BARDUFOS9 MUST BE ALERTED!



GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS WERE ALREADY POURING FROM THE VILLAGE. THE MAJOR CURSED BITTERLY . . . THE SITUATION WAS FAST GETTING OUT OF HAND.

IT'S NO GOOD, SIR . . . WON'T BE HEALTHY AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CORPORAL, WE'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT! LARSON, RUN FOR IT!



LARSON BROKE FROM HIS SHALLOW COVER AND MADE A WILD DASH TOWARDS MAJOR ALLEN AND THE CORPORAL. A VIOLENT BURST OF GUNFIRE FOLLOWED HIM.



THE BULLETS MEANT FOR SERGEANT LARSON MISSED HIM BY SCANT INCHES . . . AND LODGED IN THE THIN BODY OF CORPORAL DODD.

DODD !  
NO . . .



WHEN LARSON REACHED HIM, THE CORPORAL WAS ALREADY DEAD. BITTER REGRET AT HIS FOLLY FLOODED THE NORWEGIAN COMMANDO. A GOOD MAN HAD DIED . . . FOR NOTHING.

IF I HADN'T DISOBeyed ORDERS . . . IF I HADN'T GONE AFTER STAHL . . . DODD WOULD BE ALIVE NOW.



# The Fires Of Hate

41

MAJOR ALLEN SNATCHED UP DODD'S TOMMY-GUN AND TURNED IT ON THE ADVANCING GERMAN PATROL. HIS FIRST SAVAGE BURST SENT THEM DIVING FOR COVER AGAIN.

THIS MESS IS YOUR FAULT, SERGEANT...WE'LL HAVE TO RETREAT! LEAVE THE CORPORAL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM.



TOGETHER THE MAJOR AND SERGEANT LARSON PLUNGED HEADLONG DOWN THE SNOW BANK. DESPERATION GAVE THEM A FURIOUS ENERGY THAT OUTSTRIPPED THEIR PURSUERS.

I'LL DROP BACK AND HOLD THEM OFF SIR. YOU GO AHEAD AND WARM THE OTHERS.

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, SERGEANT! I'VE NO MEN TO SPARE FOR MOCK HEROES!



42 The Fires Of Hate

THE NORTH WIND WHIPPED A PLUNGY  
OF SNOW OUT OF THE LEADEN CLOUDS  
HEY AND THE MAJOR'S HOPE'S BUST  
... BUT THE ARCTIC HAD ITS OWN  
DANGERS



JADON'S SENSE OF DIRECTION WAS SURE. HE LFO THE  
SEA BAG STREAMED TO A HARBOR NEAR THE TIP OF THE BONE,  
FALLING INTO THE GULF.



# The Fires Of Hate

13

DON'T BLAME ANYONE ELSE, MAJOR... IT WAS MY OWN IDEA TO GO AFTER STANL.

DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT! YOU'LL FACE A COURT-MARTIAL WHEN... IF WE GET BACK!



THE MAJOR'S TEMPER, RIGIDLY HELD IN CHECK, SUDDENLY BOILED OVER. VIOLENCE DISTORTED HIS FACE AS HE TURNED FIERCELY ON LARSON.



YOU HAVE BETRAYED US, LARSON! THE ENEMY KNOWS NOW THAT BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE NEAR BARDUFOSSE. THE AIRFIELD DEFENCES WILL BE WAITING... WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! MANY OF US, IF NOT ALL, WILL DIE! THAT CONVOY MAY BE SHATTERED... AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR PETTY DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE.

# The Fires Of Hate

THE MAJOR'S VOICE CUT LIKE A KNIFE INTO LARRY'S  
CEREBRAL PLATE. UNTIL THAT MOMENT, HE HAD THOUGHT  
ONLY OF CAPTAIN DODD LYING STIFF IN THE SNOW.  
BUT NOW HE SAW THE ENORMITY OF HIS BETRAYAL.

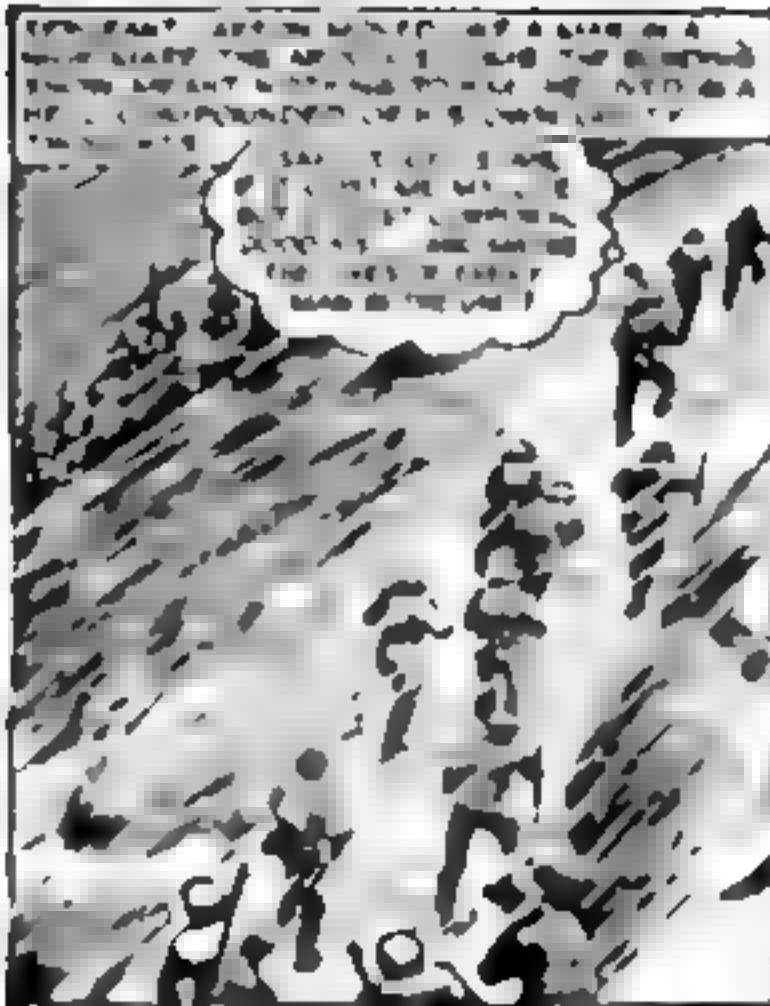
GREAT HEAVEN'S!  
WHAT CAN I SAY  
WHAT CAN  
I DO . . .

CONTUMACIOUSLY, MAJOR ALLEN TURNED HIS BACK  
ON THE SERGEANT . . . AND BEGAN TO SHOUT  
FRESH ORDERS . . .

FORGIVE! WE'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE WHILE WE CAN! THE  
SNOW WILL COVER US! I WANT  
TO REACH THE LINE OF GROUND  
ABOVE BARRIER 33 AS  
SOON AS POSSIBLE.

REPORT  
MAJ. 2 KILLED  
READY TO  
LEAVE

## The Fires Of Hate



## The Fires Of Hate

THE COMMANDOS DIVED AMONG THE TREES AND FLATTENED THEMSELVES IN THE SNOW MOTIONLESS. THEY WAITED FOR THE PLANE TO PASS.



ONCE THE DANGER FROM THE RECONNAISSANCE PLANE HAD PASSED, THE MAJOR LARSSON AND JORGENSEN SHAKED OVER TO THE CREST OF THE HILL AND STARED DOWN AT BARDUFOSSEN AIRFIELD.



A STORM OF SELF-ACCUSATION SWEPT LARSON AS HE STUDIED THE ALERTED GERMAN DEFENCES. HE SHUDDERED AS HE IMAGINED THE BOMBS SCREAMING DOWN ON ALLIED SHIPPING.

GUNS...TANKS...TROOPS!  
WE'VE LOST SURPRISE  
...AND IT'S ALL  
MY FAULT!



IT HAD BECOME A SUICIDE MISSION! THE SAME THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ALL THE MEN AS THEY STUDIED THEIR OBJECTIVE. THE CHANCES OF SURVIVAL FROM AN ASSAULT ON BARDOUFOSS AIRFIELD MUST BE RATED AS NIL.



## Chapter 3. BATTLE of BARDUFOSS

BACK AMONGST THE TREES, MAJOR ALLEN ADDRESSED HIS TOUGH, DESPERATE BAND OF COMMANDOS AND RAGGED PARTISANS. HIS RESOLUTE EXPRESSION BETRAYED NOTHING OF THE HOPELESSNESS HE FELT IN HIS HEART.



THIS IS THE SET-UP  
THEN, MARK FOUR TANKS BY  
THE TOWER. MACHINE-GUN NESTS  
ROUND THE PERIMETER. INFANTRY  
PATROLLING BETWEEN THE AIRCRAFT  
... AND THEY'RE  
ALL WAITING  
FOR US!



## The Fires Of Hate

THE COMMANDOS LOOKED HARD AT MAJOR ALLEN BUT KEPT THEIR THOUGHTS TO THEMSELVES. ONE OF THE PARTISANS, HOWEVER, SPOKE UP CRITICALLY

WE'LL BE  
WIPE OUT BEFORE  
WE DO ENOUGH  
DAMAGE TO  
MATTER!

SILENCE, EVEN!  
WHEN THE BRITISH  
ATTACK, WE GO  
WITH THEM.



AFTER A COLD MEAL, THE COMMANDOS STRETCHED OUT TO SNATCH WHAT UNEASY REST  
THEY COULD BUT THE RESTLESS SERGEANT LARSON TURNED BACK TO THE HILL-TOP

THE TANKS . . . THEY'RE THE  
MOST DANGEROUS THREAT OF  
ALL! IF I COULD KNOCK OUT  
THE TANKS, THE MAJOR  
MIGHT PULL IT OFF.



ACTING ON IMPULSE, THE NORWEGIAN SOUGHT OUT THE MAJOR AND OUTLINED A RECKLESS SCHEME.



SIR, I REQUEST PERMISSION TO MAKE A DIVERSION! WITH A HAVERSACK FULL OF GRENADES, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET AMONGST THOSE TANKS WITHOUT BEING SEEN. WITH LUCK, I COULD PUT MOST OF THEM OUT OF ACTION

MAJOR ALLEN WAS SILENT A MOMENT WHILE HE REVIEWED THE SITUATION IN HIS MIND. THE SORTIE WAS A DESPERATE ONE... BUT THE SERGEANT MUST BE FEELING BAD ABOUT HIS EARLIER MISTAKE.



PERMISSION GRANTED, SERGEANT... AND GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

# The Fires Of Hate

51

THE EYES OF OLAV JØRNSEN'S WIFE SHARPLY  
CLUMBED TO HIS FELT AND PADDED FORWARD.  
HIS WORDS WERE A FLAT STATEMENT THAT THE  
MAJOR COULD NOT CONTRADICT.



AS DARKNESS DESCENDED ON THE FOREST,  
THE TWO NORWEGIANS MADE THEIR FINAL

KEEP WELL BACK... DON'T  
LET THE SENIORS SEE YOU,  
OLAV... THE TIMES  
ARE DARK!



## The Fires Of Hate

AN HOUR BEFORE MOONRISE, THEY SLIPPED OVER THE HILL AND STARTED DOWN THE SNOW-COVERED SLOPES TOWARDS BARDUFOSS



THE AIRFIELD LAY REVEALED IN THE FAINT STARLIGHT. LARSON STUDIED THEIR ROUTE AND MEMORISED IT. AS SOON AS CLOUD GAVE A DARK PERIOD, HE LED THE WAY ACROSS THE SNOW.



LIKE A PAIR OF GREY GHOSTS, THEY PASSED SILENTLY DOWN THE SLOPE, HEADING FOR THE AREA OF THE CONTROL TOWER ON THE EDGE OF THE AIRFIELD.

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE ALONE, OLM.

WATCH YOURSELF, SERGEANT. THERE'S A SENTRY AND THE COLD WILL HAVE KEPT HIM WIDE AWAKE.

A STRETCH OF FLAT OPEN GROUND SEPARATED THE COMMANDO SERGEANT FROM HIS VICTIM BUT THE SNOW MUFFLED HIS MOVEMENTS...

I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM AND QUIET

58 The Fires Of Hate

SOUNDLESSLY, LARSON POUNCED, HIS MUSCULAR ARM STIFLING THE SENTRY'S STARTLED CRY. . . A HAMMER BLOW WITH THE BUTT OF HIS REVOLVER DROPPED THE GERMAN TO THE SNOW.



NEXT MOMENT, LARSON WAS MOWING FAST TOWARDS THE GREAT STEEL HULKS. THIRTY TONS OF MECHANISED ARMOUR, THE SLEWS OF THEIR SEVENTY-FIVE M.M. GUNS WERE RANGED ON THE SLOPES DOWN WHICH THE COMMANDOS MUST COME.

ACHTUNG!  
SOMEONE MOVES...  
OPEN FIRE!



BULLETS SLAMMED OVER LARSON'S HEAD AS HE FUMBBLED OPEN HIS COMBAT PACK. HIS FINGERS CURLED ROUND THE SERRATED EGG-SHAPE OF A MILLS GRENADE... WHILE JORGENSEN OPENED UP WITH HIS SUB-MACHINE GUN TO DISTRACT THE GERMANS' ATTENTION.



SERGEANT LARSON SPRINTED FOR THE ROW OF MARK IV'S, WHIPPING OUT THE SAFETY PIN OF HIS FIRST GRENADE. AS THE SUB GUN SWUNG ROUND, HE LOBBED THE BOMB INTO THE HALF-OPEN TURRET.

CATCH HOLD, JERRY!



## 58 The Fires Of Hell

THE GRENADE BURST INSIDE THE TANK AND ITS AMMUNITION BEGAN TO EXPLODE, TURNING THE ONCE-FORMIDABLE VEHICLE INTO A STEEL COFFIN.



ONE OF THE MARK IV'S BROUGHT ITS MACHINE-GUNS TO BEAR, A BURST OF LEAD BYPED PAST LARSON'S HEAD AS, WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, HE TOSSED ANOTHER GRENADE INTO THE MUZZLE OF A SEVENTY-FIVE M.M. GUN.



AS LARSON MOVED WITH DESPERATE URGENCY TOWARDS TWO MORE GERMAN TANKS, A LORRY-LOAD OF INFANTRY, ARMED WITH SCHMEISSERS, ROARED ACROSS FROM THE GUARD-POST. JORGENSEN MET THEM WITH A BURST OF FIRE . . .



ITS DRIVER HIT, THE LORRY SWERVED VIOLENTLY OUT OF CONTROL AND RAMMED THE TANK COLUMN AT FULL SPEED AS THE PETROL TANKS EXPLODED, THE SCENE OF CONFUSION WAS OUTLINED LURIDLY BY THE FLAMES.



SERGEANT LARSON HURLED THE LAST OF HIS BOMBS AS THE GERMANS RUSHED HIM. THEN THE HEAVY STEEL BUTT OF A SCHMEISSER CRASHED DOWN ON HIS HEAD . . . AND HE KNEW NO MORE.

ACCURSED,  
KOMMANDO!



## 9 The Fires Of Hate

FROM HIS COVERING POSITION, OLAV JORGENSEN SAW LARSON GO DOWN. HE CHARGED FORWARD STOICKLESSLY, UNTIL A BURST OF SPANDAU FIRE FROM THE CONTROL TOWER CUT HIM DOWN ALSO.



ON THE HILLS ABOVE BARDOFOS, WAITING FOR MOONRISE, MAJOR ALLEN HEARD THE RATTLE UP GUNFIRE AND THE EXPLOSIVE CRACK OF GRENADES. HE WAITED NO LONGER.



UNDE COVER OF THE DIVERSION CREATED BY SERGEANT LARSON AND JORGENSEN, ALLEN'S MIXED FORCE OF COMMANDOS AND INFANTRYMEN REACHED THE PERIMETER OF THE AIRFIELD BEFORE MEETING STROUD'S OPPOSITION.



## The Fires Of Hate

34

THEN THE GERMANS RALLIED, AND EACH BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY DEVELOPED INTO A FURIOUS LOCALISED BATTLE, HAMPERING THE MAIN OBJECTIVE OF THE T-47 TASK FORCE.



SARDUFOSS AIRFIELD RAPIDLY BEGAN TO RESEMBLE A FUNERAL PYRE AS JUNKER 88'S AND PETROL BOMBERS BURST INTO FLAMES. A PLUME OF OILY BLACK SMOKE ROSE HIGH INTO THE AIR.



A HANDFUL OF COMMANDOS, LED BY MAJOR ALLEN, HAD FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH TO THE BOMB DUMPS.

HURRY, MAN, WITH THOSE DEMOLITIONS! SYEN, THE RADAR STATION... DESTROY IT!



## The Fires Of Hate

THE CLATTER OF SPANDAU AND SCHMEISSER WAS DROWNING THE DEFIDENT SOUND OF THE BRITISH GUNS. TIME WAS RUNNING OUT.



MINUTES LATER, THE BOMB DUMPS EXPLODED WITH A SAVAGE, EAR-SPLITTING ROAR . . . AND A RUNWAY CRACKED ACROSS IN GREAT JAGGED FISSURES AS IF AN EARTHQUAKE HAD TORN IT APART.



THE DESTRUCTION OF BARDUFOSS AIRFIELD HAD REACHED ITS CUMAX, BUT MAJOR ALLEN HAD ONE LAST TASK TO PERFORM. HE INTENDED TO BRING OUT SERGEANT LARSON IF HE STILL LIVED . . .

STEADY,  
SERGEANT, WE'LL  
GET YOU OUT.

JORGENSEN  
BOUGHT IT,  
SIR . . .

THEIR MISSION HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED AGAINST WELL-NIGH IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. NO PLANE WOULD TAKE OFF FROM BARDUFOSS FOR WEEKS OR EVEN MONTHS TO COME. THE WITHDRAWAL TO THE HILLS BEGAN . . .

STEP UP THE  
PACE! GET TO HELL  
OUT OF HERE BEFORE  
JERRY GETS  
RE-ORGANISED!

## The Fires Of Hate

SVEN LED THEM ON A NERVE-SHAKING PATH THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE GERMANS DARE NOT FOLLOW. WHEN THE COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS HALTED, IT SEEMED THAT THE MAJOR HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND. HIS TONE WAS UNUSUALLY SELF CONSCIOUS.



I WAS WRONG. I WANT ALL OF YOU TO KNOW THAT I FREELY ADMIT THE GUERRILLAS FOUGHT WELL AND BRAVELY. OLAV JORGENS WAS A GOOD COMRADE.

THANK YOU, MAJOR . . . WE RESPECT YOU FOR YOUR WORDS . . . AND EVEN MORE FOR YOUR OWN COURAGE.

THEN THE MAJOR TOOK SERGEANT LARSEN ASIDE . . .



SERGEANT, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED EARLIER. THERE WILL BE NO COURT-MARTIAL. IT WAS YOUR COURAGE ALONE THAT ENABLED US TO ACHIEVE OUR OBJECTIVE.

YOU CAN BE ASSURED, SIR, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, SERGEANT LIEF LARSON WATCHED THE CONVOY PASS THROUGH THE NARROW GAP IN THE ICE, SAFE FROM GERMAN BOMBERS. HE FELT A GREAT PRIDE AND HAPPINESS.



BY THE WAY, SERGEANT, I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU. SVEN REPORTS THAT YOUR COUNTRYMEN HAVE EXECUTED HAUPTMANN STAHL.

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER VERY MUCH NOW, SIR.



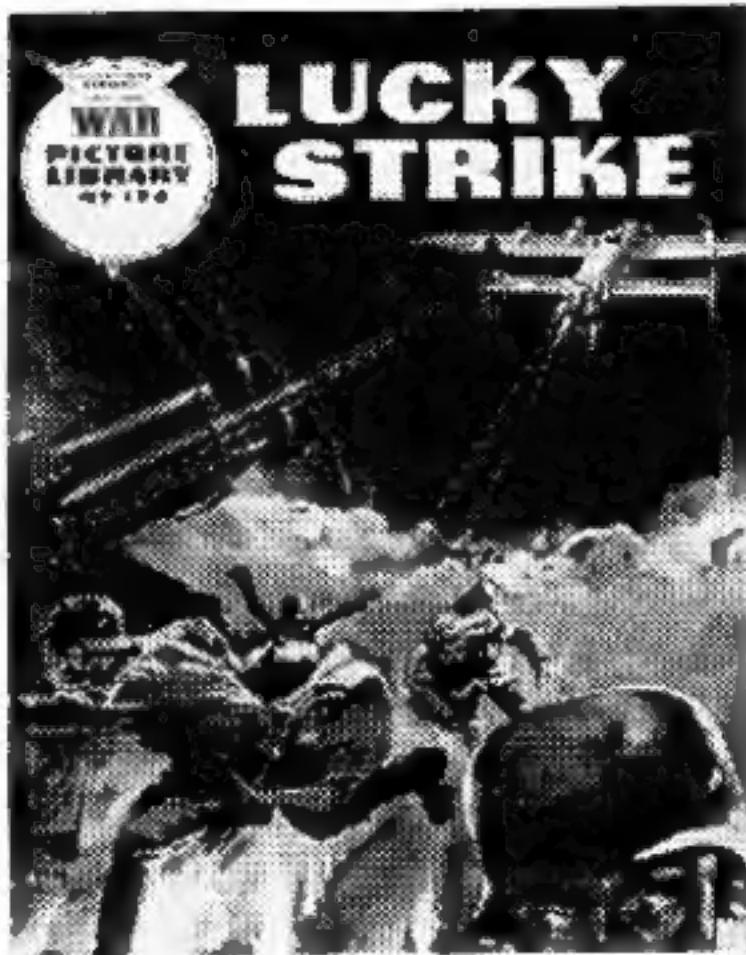
SERGEANT LARSON DREW A DEEP BREATH. THE FIRES OF HATE HAD BLAZED WILDLY AND BURNED OUT... BUT THE MEMORY OF CORPORAL DODD AND OLAV JORGENS WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM. HE HAD LEARNED THE HARD WAY.



ALSO ON SALE NOW  
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

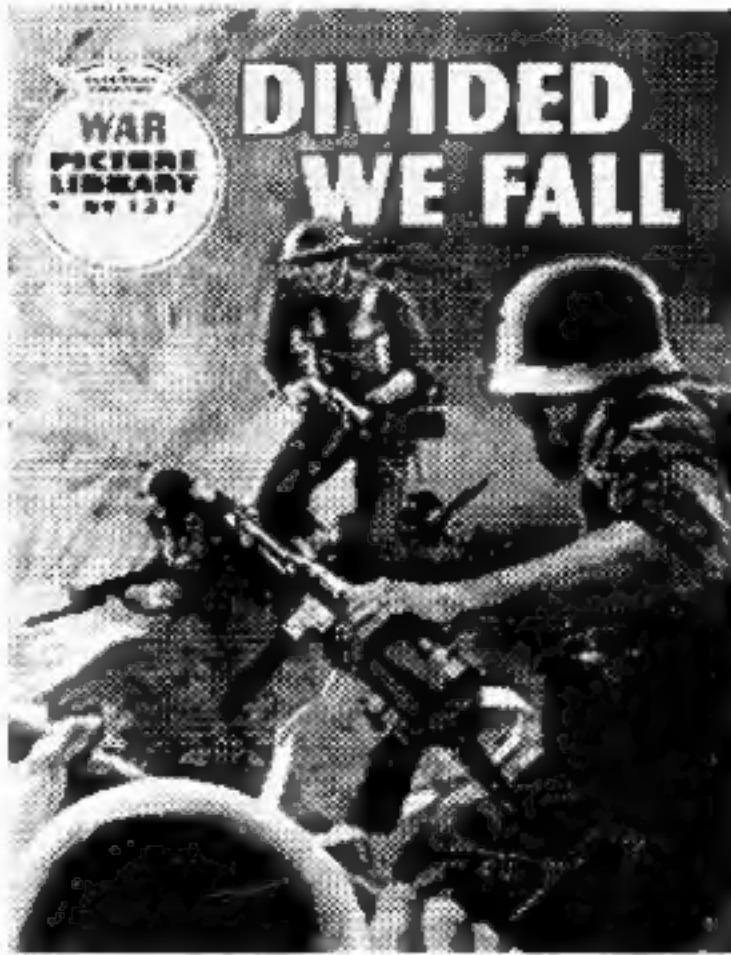
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